The PASSION
of our
SAVIOUR.
A PINDARICK ODE on the
Suffering GOD. In Imitation of
RAPINS CHRISTUS Patiens.
By Francis Bragge Gent.
K
Engrav
and sold by John Stirt in Golden-Lion-Court in
Aldersgate street.

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I.

WHAT Dark and Dismal shade is this?
What Gloomy Sadness spreading o'er the Skies?
What Black and Melancholy Vail,
Which Covers Mourning Natures Face?
Why has th' Affrighted Sun forsook his Place?
And why the Universe so Pale? (Exit?
Why does the Trembling Moon turn back her Weeping
Sure there was never cause of grief like this!
The Sun beheld the DEITY,

Beheld.

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Beheld his Maker Hanging on a Tree.
He saw—and started back—and hid his Face,
Asham'd to shew his own Created Rays,
When once he'd seen the Source of Light,
Th' Eternal GOD, involv'd in Night.

II.

But where should I begin? where should I end?
This Sad, if there was ever sad Complaint?
Shall I relate his Flesh with Scourges torn,
And how he bore the Pain, and how he bore the Scorn?

Or

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Or what is stranger yet that Man *could dare,*
To pierce the GOD *of* Nature *with a Spear?*
Shall I tell how the Softer Rock,
When cover'd o're
With Heav'nly Gore:
Unable to sustain the shock
Of so Impetuous and so just a Grief,
Burst—and its Stony Heart did into pieces cleave?
Or JESUS shall I tell thy Bloody Sweat,
When on the Flow'ry top of Olivet,

Thou

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Thou saw'st approaching near
The Dreadfull Hour;
How exquisite thy Pangs, how earnest was thy Prayer!
Then what a Flood of Gore,
Ran down and Scarlet dy'd each Briny Tear?
A wond'ring Angel saw the Trembling GOD,
Saw all his Grief but wonder'd more,
To see his Love *Triumphant o're his* Fear;
To see him take the Cup, and kiss his Fathers Rod.

III.

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Whither Audacious Man! O whither dost thou go?
Hold in thy Desperate hand and see
It is the humble Deity!
O! Wound not him who Loves thee so,
All this he Suffers for Redeeming thee.
Yet while I speak, Behold! The Armed Throng
Pours like a Mighty Torrent in
See! how they drag the Patient GOD along
Who feels not half so quick their Fury as their Sin.
The Impious Crowd upon him Press,

One

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One tears his Hair; another wounds his Face;
And all with Eager Zeal contend,
Who shall the most abuse their Greatest Friend.
So when with stinging hunger Mad,
Th' Hyrcanian Lions range the Forrest o're;
Terror thro' all the Flocks and Herds they spread
And ev'ry trembling Shepherd flies before;
If e're a Tender Lamb is left behind,
Not to one Savage does the Victim fall,
But with contending fierceness all,
Tear Limb from Limb, and into Atoms Grind.

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IV.

And can the avenging Thunder hold,
And let such Monstrous *Guilt unpunish'd go?*
Sure Heav'ns *it self afraid to see so* Bold
And so Triumphant *Wickedness below!*
As well it may, *since* GOD *must plead his Cause*
Before a Mortal *Judge, and fall by* Human *Laws.*
'Twas Night & all things hush'd in a short liv'd repose,
Nature oppress with Grief had fall'n asleep,
Only the Silver Moon *sat up to weep,*

And

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And reſtleſs Malice Roſe.
The Raving Jews *each other call,*
And Drag the wearied JESUS *to the Hall.*
O! Let me ne'er Deſcribe the Diſmal Scene
Of that ſad Night! *How piercing was his Pain!*
How many Cruel Stripes in that ſad Night *he Bore,*
Yet nought return'd but Tears and Gore.
All that the Maddeſt Fury could Invent,
All that Revenge *could* Wiſh, *or* Guilt *could* Fear;
Or Keeneſt Hatred *ever meant,* *All*

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All this and more—
In that one Dismal Night *they made him bear;*
And thought it not enough, but Crown'd the rest
With Scornful Jeers, and made their GOD *their Jest.*

V.

Scarce had Aurora *shew'd the coming Light,*
And Phœbus *from his* Watry *Bed,*
Rows'd up his Fiery Steeds, *and Chas'd away ye* Night
When all Amaz'd *he Look'd, and of a* Bloody *Red.*
Trembling *he saw th' enrag'd Crowd,*
A thirst

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Athirst for their Redeemers Blood,
Trembling he heard their Horrid Cry,
Rending the Air with Crucify.
Crucify him, does all the Place Resound,
Crucify him, th'unwilling Hills Rebound.
The Judge perceiv'd his Spotless Innocence,
Try'd to Assuage
Their swelling Rage;
And gave him to be Scourg'd for no Offence:
Away with Eager hast they bear
Th'Afflicted GOD.

Still

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Still new and greater Torments they prepare,
Naked they tye their Maker to a Stake.
Then with a twisted prickly Rod
The unrelenting Soldier Tears his Back;
Again renews the Stroke and opens ev'ry Wound:
Again the Echoing Walls & Hissing Stroke rebound.

VI.

Now thick as Summers Hail or Winter Rain
(When with a mighty Deluge Big
The teeming Clouds upon a Mountain break)

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The trickling Blood pours down from ev'ry Vein,
And all the Slipp'ry Pavements cover'd o're,
With Scarlet Streams and knobs of Clotted Gore.
This did th'avenging Father See
Beheld his suffering Son in all his Agony,
And yet in ne'er a Cloud of Thunder spoke,
Nor Crush'd 'em down to Hell with one Almighty Stroke.
A Diadem of peircing Thorns they made,
And Crown'd at once and Tore his tender Head.
A Reed they for a Scepter bring,

Cry

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Cry Hail! & Bow the Knee, & Mock their Bleeding King.
They See with Horrid Joy, the streaming Blood
Down from his wounded Temples pour,
They See his Face with Scars disfigur'd o'er;
And Laughing say ---- Behold the Son of GOD!
Now does the Workman rend the sturdy Oak,
And Unconcern'd redoubles ev'ry Stroke;
Securely He the fatal Engine makes,
While at the Dreadful sight Affrighted Nature shakes.

VII.

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VII.

'Tis Done---and Jesus bears away his Cross,
The Scene of all his Triumphs, all his Woes,
'Gainst mighty Death he goes to take the Field
Resolv'd to Conquer, yet Resolv'd to Yield.
And now he sinks below th' unequal weight
Of such a Load as Sin and That,
Too soon they fear his Pains would cease,
And out of Cruel Pity lend a little Ease.
Another takes the Cross, and on they go

To

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To Lofty Golgotha's Aspiring Brow,
Thrice did the trembling Mountain sound,
And thrice the hollow Caverns Groand,
All Nature into dire Convulsions fell,
To see the Drooping Heav'ns, & hear y Shouts of Hell!
The harden'd Jews alone with Fury Blind,
Stretch forth their Naked GOD;
His Hands & Feet upon the Cross they Bind,
And fix with Nails unto the Groaning Wood.
Aloft the Pond'rous Trunk they rear;

And

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And poize their Bleeding Maker in the Air. 26.
Amazing Sight! between two Thieves to see
Him hanging on one Slender Tree,
Who ỹ Prodigious weight---of all ỹ Sins---of the
VIII. (whole World did bear.
Why Nature dost thou Blush? why Tremble so?
It was not Thou that wert to Blame,
Not all thy Powrs th'amazing Deed could do;
'Twas Love that bore the Crime, 'twas Love that bore
A Daring Soldier flabs th' Expiring GOD, the Shame.
And

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And down there pours a Rapid Stream of Blood.
No longer could th' Affrighted Sun Behold
So Monstrous and so sad a Sight;
But headlong to the Ocean rowl'd,
And hid his Blushes in the Vail of Night.
Each Trembling Mountain shook its Snowy Head,
The all-Devouring Grave gave up her Dead.
The Temples sacred Vail was rent in Twain
And all things felt their Makers grief, but Man.
Back to their Fountains did the Rivers flow

And

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And falling Hills their Channels fill'd below.
The hardest Rocks in pieces broke,
And all the Earth's Foundations shook;
While o'er the City Frightful Ghosts appear,
And horrid Spectres fill the Dusky, Troubled Air.

IX.

Thee Jesus! did the hollow Grotts Bemoan,
And all were melted into Pearly Tears.
For thee the Lions and Getulian Bears,
For thee th' Armenian Tygers Groan.

Each

Each purling Stream ran murm'ring thro' the Plain
And told in Hollow Sighs its Makers Pain,
O're all the World a Pompous Sorrow spread,
All things were Sad, for GOD himself lay Dead.
And while the Savage Lions grieve,
Shall hard en'd Man alone refuse to give
His Tributary share of Flowing Tears,
Upon his Meek Redeemer's Hearse?
O! Let him weep a Mighty Flood,
Strong as his Saviours Love, and Reeking as his Blood.

Let

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Let ev'ry Distant Shore his Griefs resound,
Nor let his Sorrows ever stay,
Till he has wash'd those Sins *away*
Which Crucify'd *his* GOD, *and gave the* Fatal Wound.

FINIS.